

## BRITISH WORTHIES

OR

## CHARACTERS of the AGE.

PANEGYRICO-SATIRICAL

POEM

With NOTES Variorum.



To which is prefixed,

An Address to the Shade of the late Lord  
Viscount BOLINGBROKE.

— Turn Ages o'er,  
When wanted Britain bright Examples more?  
Her Genius, and her Learning too decays,  
And dark and cold are her declining Days.

YOUNG.

L O N D O N :

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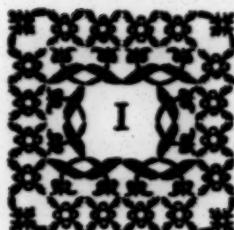
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22 NOV 1981



AN  
**A D D R E S S**  
 TO THE  
**SHADE of the late Lord Viscount  
 BOLINGBROKE.**

My LORD,


 If it be true, as some philosophers, and those not contemptible ones, have asserted, that the soul of man when once disincumbered of the gross fabric of mortality, it for a time animated, is actuated in some degree by the same inclinations, desires and passions, which were predominant in her transitory confinement ; it is not impossible but this address may come under your lordship's inspection.

However, the author's *execution* may be though blameable, his *design* is certainly to be commended. Candour and

B

impartiality

impartiality will make allowances for the defects of a man who writes TO AND FOR HIS COUNTRY. It is impossible for any one who has the least veneration or affection for the land that gave him birth, to see impending ruin, threatening immediate destruction, and waiting only the signal of fate to destroy it, and not give timely warning to the multitude that must inevitably suffer equally with himself. To brand the brows of those with ignominy, who instead of preserving, impiously attempt to overturn the constitution of their country, and to adorn with more than civic wreaths, those heroes who superior to corruption, have made use of every human effort to preserve it, is the part of every honest muse.

It must be some consolation to your lordship, to find before expiring *Liberty* hath breathed her last, that there is a *Briton* daring enough to endeavour to revive the celestial goddess, and prevent her following her sister *ASTRÆA* to her native skies. This, my lord, though a generous is yet a dangerous attempt. The end of writing, as well as playing,  
 " both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as it were  
 " the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her own feature,  
 " scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the  
 " time his form and pressure". \*

\* See Shakespear's *Hamlet*.

But

But guilt alas! conscious guilt, cannot bear to be thus exposed ; supported by power and injustice, the monster loudly calls out for vengeance on the presumptuous wretch who hath dared to disclose the secrets of her infernal den. The satyrist immediately becomes a libeller.—The dictates of liberty are misconstrued into vociferations of treason.—It is in vain to plead innocence; honest freedom is misnamed an abuse of superiors.—Truth by court-magic is metamorphosed into scandal, and the patriot by the same art becomes a dangerous incendiary. Yet, my lord, satyrists in all ages and all countries, ever have, and it is hoped ever will exist : even proscribing tyrants have felt the lash of their own subjects, without silencing for ever the honest tongue, that had resolution enough to declare the sentiments of the mind.

But let us suppose a moment, if you please, that the *pretended* satyrist is in fact no other than a base detractor ; hear what the zealous impatiently exclaim, “ What must the “ characters and actions of our bravest and worthiest men “ be traduced by a malevolent writer with impunity ? Must “ our patriots be deemed traitors ? Must those who have saved “ us from destruction be represented as hastening our ruin ? “ Must those who have supplied an exhausted treasury, out

“ of their own private fortunes, be traduced as venal and  
“ self-interested? Must our pious and charitable prelates, be  
“ termed atheists and misers? The guardians of our liber-  
“ ties be defamed as the sole infringers of them, and punish-  
“ ment not lay its iron hand upon the villainous calumnia-  
“ tor?” Have patience a little, my honest friends! let not  
your warmth transport you beyond the bounds of discretion.  
Look around you, and point out these heroes and patriots  
who have deserved so well of their country.—Ask your own  
hearts, if you have not often seen ambition arrayed in the  
russet stole of humility.—Love of popularity stalk stately  
forth, decked out in the gaudy trappings of patriotism.—  
Cowardice appear in the armour of a warrior.—Self-interest  
assume the air of public spirit.—And hypocrisy and irreligi-  
on conceal themselves under the venerable shade of a mitre.  
If these things are so, why blame ye the friendly hand that  
snatches off the mask and detects the Impostor? But if a  
*really* good man should chance to be attacked by malice or  
inadvertence, what is the certain consequence? The whole  
tenor of his life, gives the lie to the confident charge. The  
darts of envy, disappointment or party, recoil upon the sen-  
ders, and in vain attempt to injure the man who has virtue  
for his shield, a more impenetrable one than that of *Achilles*;  
conscious of his own innocence he despises the insults offered

him, or if provoked to a reply, it is the words of an author, whose name I have forgot, “ MENTIRIS IMPUDENTISSIME.” A good man overwhelmed with calumny, is like the sun in an eclipse, but the darkness cannot long continue, and he shines forth again with the greater splendour. I need not inform your lordship, that it was customary with the anti-ents to permit their meanest slaves to utter invectives and calumnies against the victor, on the day of triumph, whose heart if innocent of the crimes laid to it's charge, exulted in their ungrounded accusations, as wreaths more noble than could possibly be obtained by sacking of cities, slaughtering thousands, or depopulating whole kingdoms. The man whose actions are misrepresented to his prejudice, need only retire to the strongest of citadels, his own conscience, which will effectually defend him from the impotent attacks of his adversaries.

Thus much, my lord, for the libeller, a few words will sufficiently characterise the satyrist.—He is a friend to his country, an enemy to tyranny and oppression in whatever shapes they appear, sworn foe to vice, the combatant of folly, dreaded by those whose deeds shun the light and esteemed by the virtuous few.

It

It may perhaps, by some, be asked, why this address to one who is no more? If the supposition at the Beginning is true, the answer is already given; if more information be necessary, let the ignorant know, that there once was a man, who valued his country dearer than his life, titles or fortune, who observed, like a watchful sentinel, the hasty approaches of corruption, and when unable to combat the monster, warned his fellow citizens of the danger; illustrious when oppressed, and greatest in disgrace, with a strength of genius not easily equalled, and a resolution unappaled, to his last moments he approved himself an assertor of Liberty and a friend to his country.—To mention your lordships name after this would be superfluous.

But, oh! my lord, if the affirmation of some, that spirits not only see effects but causes, may be depended on, how must you grieve for your unhappy country.—It must then to you be known, to what and to whom its miseries are owing—by what means its losses and disgraces are occasioned—by that man's ambition or another's perfidy.—Have luxury and venality, like subtile miners working unseen, sap'd its noble basis? Or hath divine justice, tired out with repeated crimes, at length signed the irrevocable fiat and con-  
signed

signed us to destruction ? But let us hope that some good men are yet left whose virtues may preserve a nation from perdition. Heroes may yet arise, whose glory it will be to bleed for their country. Legislators start up, whose conduct will be guided by the rules of truth and justice, and martyrs once more appear, who dare to justify the truth of their religion with their blood. *Britain's* contracted glory may yet expand itself, and Liberty extend her fostering wings to guard and protect her once lov'd seat. But if the dire reverse should happen, we must console ourselves with the thought, that empires and kingdoms as well as the mortals they contain, must submit to the stroke of fate. In vain the toil-inured *Grecians* fought, in vain the self-devoted *Romans* died. Infidelity or superstition possess the seats where freedom once resided, and which science called her own. Whatever be the fate of this Isle, let the inhabitants at least follow the example of the pious father, who always concluded his prayer for his country with the energetic words ESTO PERPETUA.

I am,

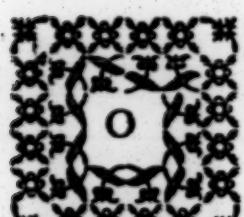
My LORD,

&c. &c.

6



# BRITISH WORTHIES, OR CHARACTERS of the AGE.

 F the feats of brave *Britons*, their politic measures,  
Their victories, armies, their fleets and their trea-  
sures,

I sing—O thou muse that sage *Morgan* inspired,  
With dogrel call'd verse, that was so much admired,  
Whate'er be thy name, and where'er be thy station ;        5  
Assist me to celebrate this happy nation !

C

What

Line 2. *Their victories.*] Our author, like most other authors, promises much more than he intends to perform. Presumptuous man ! to pretend to comprise the victories the *British* arms have gained under the auspicious reign of King *George* the second, in a paltry pamphlet, when seventy-five large volumes in folio would be insufficient for that purpose.—*M. Scrib.*

Line 3. *Sage Morgan.*] Author of the *Scandalizade*, *Caufidicade*, *Epis-copade*, and several other entertaining pieces. He died a few Years since.

Line 5. *What e'er be thy name and where'er be thy station.*] As the muse presiding

What a train of brave heroes in order appear !  
 Ye *Edwards* and *Henries* fall back in the rear ;  
 No longer of *Cressi* or *Poictiers* we boast,  
 Or *Agincourt*, where a few conquer'd an host. 10

Of the blooming young hero, what first shall we say,  
 Who won at *C——n* tho' he lost at *T——y*,  
 Who bravely has ventur'd to cross the seas over,  
 To save *H——nb——n* and much lov'd *H——n——r* ?  
 O never again may he found a retreat, 15  
 So often b'ing beaten, may he now learn to beat !  
 But wishes are vain, for his warlike intention,  
 Our wise ones at home have destroyed by *convention* ;  
 Soon made and soon broke, which too plainly evinces  
 The truth of the maxim, “ *put no trust in princes.* ”

O *Fredrick*,

presiding over dogrel, called *verse*, is not supposed to be one of the nine who reside upon *Parnassus*, the author was certainly right to seem ignorant of her name and place of abode.—*Bent*.

Line 9 and 18. *Cressi, Poictiers, Agincourt.*] The motto of a certain *North-British* nobleman (*FUIMUS*) would not be *mal a propos* applied to some other arms.

Line 16. *So often b'ing beaten.*] This line has been remarked by several sagacious critics, as the most harmonious and mellifluous in the *English* language. So that our author may justly be reckoned with *Dryden, Pope, Waller* and others, as one of the chief refiners of our poetry.—*Bur.*

O Fred'rick, O hero, philosopher, sage !  
 The terror and wonder of this leaden age,  
 For what ar't thou fighting ? May fortune befriend thee,  
 And souls not so fickle as *Britons* defend thee !  
 Trust to thy own valour and not unto those, 25  
 Who are impotent friends and contemptible foes.  
 By party divided, by factions oppress'd,  
 Once the terror of *Europe*, we now are the jest.  
 In vain the tall forest has lent us its pride,  
 No more o'er the ocean triumphant we ride. 30  
 No more our battallions cast terror around,  
 No more *British* banners wave high on *French* ground.

C 2

But

Line 26. *Impotent friends and contemptible foes.*] Poetry and truth are not always inseperable companions. That we are *impotent friends*, no man in his senses will believe, who considers the blood and treasure we have squander'd lavishly away upon the continent, when we wisely took it into our heads to hold the balance of power. What immense sums were expended last war to support a foreign, unnatural ally, and what grateful returns has she now made us ?

That we are contemptible foes, witness the late grand expedition, designed to strike a panick through all *France*, which begun with vigor and alacrity, and through the prudence of the general, ended in—nothing—Witness also our *American* affairs, in which we have always been unsuccessful (once only excepted) notwithstanding our own forces have constantly been treble the number of our enemies. May oblivion draw her dark veil over the rest of our transactions for these twenty years last past !

But sooner or later each kingdom and state,  
 The wheel once come round must submit to its fate ;  
 New empires will rise and new kingdoms be known, 35  
 And that be a desart which now is a town ;  
 How *Carthage* and *Rome* from their mightiness fell  
 By luxury struck, let their own annals tell ;  
 Old *Egypt*'s proud turrets that tow'red so high,  
 And impiously seem'd to engage with the skie. 40  
 In ruin enormous now lie in the dust,  
 For the pride of vain tyrants a punishment just.

Fond of grandpapa's glory, see *Milo* advance !  
 How unlike grandpapa !—he will ne'er conquer *France*.

In

Line 36. *And that be a desart.*] This author is a manifest plagiary, and has borrowed his best thoughts from our most celebrated writers, without once acknowledging the obligation. This line is a flagrant proof of the truth of my assertion ; the thought is indisputably borrowed from a verse in the old *Cantilene*,

—Corn now grows where *Troy* town stood. DENNIS.

*Swift* has written a sort of epigram on the power of time, which he has turn'd with his usual humour.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand  
 The mortal force of time's destructive hand ;  
 If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,  
 And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry ;  
 When my old caffock (said a *Welch* divine)  
 Is out at elbows ; why should I repine ?

Line 43. *Milo.*] For a better character of this worthy, see *Manners*, a poem, written by Mr. *Pau! Whitehead*.

In camps far from foes, when sham battles appear, 45  
 His mighty soul scorns to acknowledge a fear ;  
 See my friends, he cries out, what my soldiers perform,  
 Yet I smile in the tumult and govern the storm.  
 Yet best lov'd of *Iris*, old *E—r's* sons  
 Renown'd for your learning, your rag plots and puns, 50  
 Who venal, submissive, kiss slavery's rod,  
 And worship your *Milo* much more than your God ;  
 Who the muses old seat, erst of worth the resort,  
 Now the den of informers, have sold to a court ;  
 Why so long are ye silent ? Come chaunt out your lays, 55  
 Tho' your patron wants merit, why should he want praise ?

Lord bleſſ me ! what's here ? all besmear'd with *Scotch* gore,  
*J—hn—y C—pe* but appears and rebellion's no more ;  
 Now

Line 48. *Yet I smile in the tumult, &c.*

Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Is a line of Mr. *Addison's*, in his celebrated poem the *Campaign*, addressed to the great Duke of *Marlborough*.—*Bent.*

Line 50.] For a better explanation of this, and the four following lines, Vide *Annal. Univ. Oxon. Passim*. if these are not sufficient, the curious reader is desired to refer to a late apology of Dr. *King*.—*M. Scrib.*

Line 56.] For a confirmation that no patron ever before wanted praise, see the dedications of most books that ever were published.

Now tremble ye *Gens d' Armes*, old *Louis's* pride,  
 For tho' he wont fight, in good faith he will ride. 60  
 And thou by what title soe'er thou art known  
 Chevalier, or pretender to brave *Brunswick's* throne,  
 With awe reverential thy victor behold,  
 Nor dare to engage with a chieftain so bold.

But muse over *B—d—ck* a tear thou must shed, 65  
 A tribute humanity owes to the dead.  
 O why wouldst thou mix in *American* strife ?  
 Or why for thy country, surrender thy life ?  
 Not so brave *D——r* when the enemy came,  
 His carcass he sav'd tho' he fullied his fame. 70  
 'Twas prudently done, for what wise man would stay  
 To be murder'd and scalp'd when he might run away ?  
 The *Caledon* chief, to recover lost places,  
 And scourge the fierce *Indians* for all our disgraces,

Sent

Line 60.] The general here celebrated, is remarkable for being an excellent horseman. At a certain engagement in *N—th-B—n*, he signallised himself so far, as to be the very first person who brought the news of his own defeat.—*Bur.*

Line 69.] As the rashness of *B—d—ck* was (it is said) the occasion of his death, so the prudence of *D——r* saved his life. *A living dog is better than a dead lion*, is an old adage, and by many implicitly believed in this fighting age. The last mentioned gentleman amongst his many other military virtues, possesses one, for which the blind *Greek* frequently celebrates his hero, “ He is swift-footed.”—*Scal.*

Sent over commission'd; returns home inglorious. 75  
 Who ne'er fees the enemy can't be victorious.

See *M*—t return'd from the grape-bearing *A*—,  
 With infamy cover'd, not loaded with praise.  
 With what rage he set out from the *Island of Wight*,  
 And *Britons* believed he intended to fight; 80  
 But he meant no such thing, for alas! *coup de main*,  
 Once render'd abortive, the project was vain.  
 Acquitted with honour—it can't be denied—  
 Yet remember brave soldier, by whom thou wert tried.  
 That *par pari gaudet*, old faws often tell us, 85  
 'Quit me, I'll 'quit you, we are all gallant fellows.

Unfortunate, ill-star'd half-innocent *B*—g,  
 Why didst thou not purchase a star and a string?  
 They perhaps, might have help'd thee, for freedoms best friend,  
 By trying to save thee, but hasten'd thy end. 90

Of heroes by land, we can't close up the list,  
 Without singing *F*— from his office dismift.

'Twas

Line 83.] It will be remarked by posterity, that in this reign, an admiral was capitally condemned, and actually suffered his sentence, for not doing *ALL* in his power to annoy the enemy, and a general was acquitted with honour, for not doing *ANY THING* at all.—*Hearne*.

'Twas \*\*\*\*\* done, for why should not they,  
Who sold *F—e M—n*, give *G—r* away ?

Ye shades of brave *Russel*, wreckt *Shovel* and *Drake*, 95 }  
Lamented, lov'd, *Balchen* and old *English Blake*, }  
From death's balmy slumbers one moment awake ! }  
Survey your successors, whose prowess and might,  
Conspicuous appear in each terrible fight.

Not *Spain*'s proud *Armada* that once brav'd our coast, 100  
A navy so num'rous or gallant could boast,  
As *Britain* can now ; and yet such is our fate,  
(Tho' troubled is ocean's old god at their weight)  
No more the sea swells with the number of dead,  
But pacific, at anchor we ride at *Spithead*. 105

When will it be giv'n us again to engage,  
And make the foe tremble and shrink at our rage ?  
O when, fraught with vengeance, on *Gallia*'s proud shore,  
Shall our bursting bombs pour, and dread cannons roar,  
'Till their towns close-beleagur'd, encircled with fire, 110  
Like *Ilion* of old, to the skies shall aspire ?

But

Line 83.] Whoever has right to sell, has a right to give, was formerly an indisputable maxim, but some are of opinion that that doctrine will soon be exploded.

But ah ! well-a-day ! our sad loss we deplore,  
 Our hero, our *M——n*, alas ! is no more.  
*Britannia* pale, weeping, laments o'er the dead,  
 And thinks that with *him* all her valour is fled :      115  
 Yet cease thy fond tears, wipe thy cheeks free from stains,  
 Remember dear goddes, a *P—t* remains :  
 He thy chieftain's sad loss, can with glory supply,  
 Like *him* proud to conquer, or fearless to die.  
 So *Atlas* the porter, if fables say true,      120  
 Awhile from his labour reluctant withdrew,

D

While

Line 113.] The loss of this illustrious worthy, will ever be lamented by *British* seamen ; such was the extraordinary love he bore to his crew, and such was his care of his majesty's ships, that he suffered none of the former to throw away their lives, by exposing themselves, unnecessarily, or the latter to be shattered or damaged, by an engagement with the enemy whether superior or inferior. His valour and prudence at length became proverbial, and he was always saluted upon his return to port, with " all's well, no *French* men of war in view."—*Scrib.*

Line 120.] *Atlas*, king of *Mauritania*, was a man of a most enormous size. He affronted *Perseus*, who was compelled to stop in his dominions, and endeavoured to drive him out by force, but the hero immediately chastised his insolence, by presenting to his view the head of *Medusa* : *Atlas* was changed into a mountain, and his body grew so fast under this new form, that at length it supported the arch of heaven. It is said, that *Alcides*, eased him of his burthen for some time, and supported the Heavens for him. The truth seems to be this, *Atlas* was an astronomer and preceptor to *Hercules*, who improved so much in that science, that the master at last was forced to make use of the observations of his own scholar.—*Banier.*

While Jove's potent son does the heavens sustain,  
 Unconquer'd by pleasure, superior to pain.  
 Fair liberty's favourite, now rests in peace,  
 His battles, his toils and his victories cease : 125  
 No more *Carthagena* his thunders shall hear ;  
 No more *Porto-Bello* in ruins appear.  
 His country's avenger, protector and guard,  
 (O honest *N——le* ! say what his reward.)

No

Line 124. *Fair liberty's favourite.*] The late admiral *Vernon*.

Line 126. *Carthagena.*] An unaccountable sort of fatality, seems to attend all our enterprizes, when both land and sea forces are concerned. It is needless to mention the late infamous expedition, the affair of *Carthagena* was a bloody prologue to that despicable farce. *Vernon* conquered all the forts that the guns of his ships could reach, but the general through unskillfulness, or something worse, after sacrificing half his army, was compelled to make an ignominious retreat. The gallant admiral, after all his services, was struck off the list of flag officers, for raising a deserving man to the place of gunner aboard his own ship.

The descriptive *Thomson*, mentioning the pestilential disease that raged amongst the *British* troops during the siege of *Carthagena*, has the following beautiful lines.

—— You, gallant *Vernon*, saw  
 The miserable scene ; you pitying, saw  
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;  
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
 The lip pale-quiv'ring, and the beamless eye  
 No more with ardor bright : you heard the groans  
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;  
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,  
 The frequent corse ; while on each other fixt,  
 In sad presage the blank assistants seem'd,  
 Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.

*Summer.*

No tool to a faction, no base statesman's slave, 130

In *Elysium* now dwells,—(the reward of the brave)

Conversing with *Cornewall*, who smiling at death,

To save *Britain's* honour, surrender'd his breath.

All-hail gallant pair! may your actions inspire,

Each *English* commander with similar fire! 135

Degenerate *Britons*, remember *T—I—n*,

False *L—ft—k*'s excuses: remember *M—b—n*.

For shame once more rise, your old courage exert,

Brace strong ev'ry nerve, re-assure each heart;

Your much-injur'd country's sold honour restore, 140

Return home victorious, or see her no more.

Oh! once more awake! least for ever you sleep,

And o'er her lost *Albion* sad liberty weep,

Of *Spain* and of *Gaul*, the much-long-hop'd for prey,

And traitors intestine more dreadful than they. 145

Like his ancestors, hardy, rough, daring and bold,  
And fierce as a lion attacking a fold,

D 3

Lo!

Line 132. *Cornewall.*] The bravery of that sea officer is well known. To the honour of the legislature be it mentioned, that they order'd a magnificent monument to be erected to his memory, in *Westminster Abbey*, at the public expence.

Lo ! *H—e* fraught with vengeance, sets out for the bay,  
Does nothing—returns home—and asks for his pay.

If poverty, gods ! will compell ev'ry *Wight*,      150  
Tho' not for his country, for riches to fight,  
And riches obtain'd, they desert the great field,  
Take their wealth but away—they'll soon take up the shield.  
*Old Horace* observ'd it—examples in view—  
Near two thousand years past prove the tenet is true.      155

But see the *West-Indian Cornuto* appear !  
Whose brows are so lavishly deckt by *G——re*,  
Who the fam'd country orator dar'd to oppose,  
And thought rum and sugar to lead by the nose :  
Canst thou, antient sailor, decline the great strife ?      160  
Or he fear a cannon, who conquer'd a wife ?

Contemning

Line 154. *Old Horace observ'd it.*]

————— *Ibit,*

*Ibit eò, quo vis, zonam qui perdidit.*

*Alexander Severus* used to say, a soldier is never afraid, but when he is well armed, well cloathed, well fed, and has money in his purse ; when he is poor and hungry, he is fit for any desperate action.—*Dac.*

Line 161.] I say once more, this author is an impudent thief ; a highwayman has more modesty. The reader will certainly be of my opinion, when he has perused the following speech of a sergeant, in *The What D'ye call it.*

Zooks never wed, 'tis safer much to roam ;  
For what is war abroad, to war at home ?  
Who would not sooner bravely risque his life ;  
For what's a cannon to a scolding wife ?

*Dennis.*

Contemning disgrace and quite callous to shame,  
 No more *British Flaccus*, does great love of fame,  
 To actions immortal our worthies inspire ;  
 To dress and play deep is their only desire,  
 Or else in the f—te to sell v—t—s for hire.

165 }

With *P—r—ge* contented, I—d *Accapulc* sleeps,  
 Resolving again ne'er to traverse the deeps ;  
 With riches immense and a noble wife bless'd,  
*Howe*, *Lockart*, or *Gilchrist* may take all the rest ;  
 Or *Watson* and *Pococke*, unconscious of fear,  
 With *Clive* all the laurels of *India* may wear.

170

But

Line 163. *British Flaccus.*] Doctor Edward Young, author of *The Love of Fame, Night Thoughts, &c. &c.*

Line 170.] I have caught this plagiary pilfering again,

Let the devil and *Conisby* go with the rest.

Is a line of *Mat. Prior's.—Dennis.*

*Howe*, *Lockart*, *Gilchrist*, men who are the glory of their country, and have endeavoured, as much as in them lay, to revive the ancient spirit of the *British* seamen. *Watson* and *Pococke* are universally acknowledged to have acted nobly, and done their duty in every respect. It may be necessary to mention *Clive*, who though not bred a soldier, has gained signal victories, and exposed himself to every danger, while those whose trade it is, have stood at a ceremonious distance, and have contented themselves with viewing the enemy, without ever approaching within their reach.

But ha ! why this halt ? muse, dost thou too retreat ?  
 Our catalogue yet is by no means complete ;  
 I forgot thou'rt a female—all women will range, 175  
 And their subjects as oft as their furbelows change.  
 Now thy breath is restor'd, tell me whom shall we sing ?  
 Old *John* who delights in his bottle and king.  
 Always trusty and firm, in or out of a place,  
 His virtue and liquor appear in his face. 180  
 Of sense and good humour possess'd at threescore,  
 Much prais'd for his learning, his honesty more ;  
 Supplanted by idiots, no longer he guides  
 The frail bark of *Britain* thro' faction's rough tides,

But

Line 175.] Every poet from the majestic *Virgil* down to *Tom D'Urfey*, has had a fling at the poor women. *Homer* himself has strongly marked the female foibles of his goddesses; *Juno* is a bitter scold, or in other words, a very brim ; *Venus*, the *Fanny Murray* of *Olympus*, was fonder of her gallant than her husband, and obliged the world, with a treatise on the art of cuckoldom, and it is whispered, that even the chaste *Diana* had an intreague with *Endymion* on mount *Latmos*. *Virgil* with all his gravity, makes woman an animal.

—*Varium et mutabile semper  
Fæmina.*—

*Shakespear* has a very severe reflection on the sex ;

Frailty—thy name is woman.

But notwithstanding all the ill-natured sayings of musty authors, the lovely creatures confiding in their native charms, bend to their will, whenever they please, the haughty lords of the creation.—*M. Scrib.*

But calmly gives place to each ignorant stranger, 185  
 Yet un-ask'd lends his help, when the ship is in danger.

Posterity hear me! the truth I declare,  
 A courtier untainted at length does appear.  
 Nay think not I fable—nor make me your mirth;  
*Homer's* thunderer often hath visited earth. 190  
 Each free-thinker sage now confesses he knows it,  
 Tho' he laughs at the gospel, he credits the poet.

Half foolish, half wife, half patriot, half knave,  
 A blund'rer from youth, to the verge of thy grave,  
 Too weak to command, and too proud to obey, 195  
 Why wilt thou old *Marplot* act still in the play?

To

Line 190.] If the sagacious critic has *latin* enough to read *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, he will find many instances of the great condescension of this deity.—*Bur.*

Line 196.] It hath been said, the man who cannot conduct his own estate, never ought to be employed in managing the affairs of a kingdom. But whether this is not *Utopian* doctrine, must be left to the judgment of the reader. Let us hear what a modern author says on this subject.

What makes him model realms, and counsel kings?  
 An incapacity for smaller things.  
 Poor *Chremes* can't conduct his own estate,  
 And thence has undertaken *Britain's* fate.

*Love of Fame, Sat. 4.*

To the heights of ambition no longer aspire,  
 Take friendly advice to sweet —— retire,  
 There safely repose, free from envy or hate,  
 Discharge thy *French* cooks, disengage thy estate, 200 }  
 When that thou canst do, undertake *Britain's* fate.

And thou on a common, great commoner bred,  
 With a bosom corrupt and a deep-scheeming-head,  
 With plans fraught with ruin, no longer oppres us,  
 But thy patron disgrac'd, soon retire and bless us. 205  
 Thy abscence perhaps may save *England* from ruin,  
 And what more thou valuest, save thee from undoing.  
 So robb'd of its poultry, a whole country round,  
 If chance the fox hear the dread cry of the hound,  
 Unsated with rapine, he seeks the safe seat 210  
 Where his fire less daring enjoys his retreat.

With

Line 202.] A pun, an execrable pun ! I doubt not, but if the truth was known, this writer is employed by the proprietors of the *Magazines*, to furnish them with rebuses, riddles and acrostics, to fill up the mess of dulness they monthly cram down the throats of the populace.—*Dennis*.

Line 203.] A man who has a good head and a bad heart, is the most dangerous enemy to a state. A fool can never be a knave. Great abilities are requisite to form pernicious schemes, which otherwise would be ruined by the folly of the contrivers themselves.—*Scal.*

With eyes supercilious, and haughty address,  
 Let *Lycurgus* his av'rice and riches confess,  
 The scales of blind justice, contented to hold,  
 Impartial and upright, till byass'd by gold,

215

O *Plutus* accurst ! how mad mortals adore thee !  
 Truth, virtue and honour all vanish before thee.  
 Let thy vot'ries obtain, but their wishes for life,  
 They'll sell a fair daughter, or lend out a wife ;  
 A father would murder, a brother would slay :  
 More fierce than a tiger persuing his prey.  
 Yet *Vengeance* slow-footed, attends the base train,

220

E

And

Line 215.] *Swift*, speaking somewhere of *W——d*, says that he was no ill decider of common property, when his own interest was not concerned.—A vast complement truly.—*M. Scrib.*

Line 219.] How applicable are the following lines of *Virgil*, describing the damned, to the present times ?

*Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumq; potentem*  
*Imposuit : fixit leges pretio, atq; refixit.*  
*Hic thalamum invasit natæ, vetitosq; hymenæos,*  
*Ausi omnes immane nefas, ausoq; potiti.*      *Æn. lib. vi.*

The English reader will not, perhaps, be displeased to see *Dryden's* Translation.

To tyrants others have their country sold,  
 Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold :  
 Some have old laws repealed, new statutes made,  
 Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.  
 With incest, some their daughters beds prophan'd.  
 All dar'd the worst of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.

And hollow-ey'd *Care*'s the reward of their pain.  
 Sweet peace ne'er will comfort, nor *Morpheus* will spread  
 His sleep-bearing wings, o'er the miser's curst head ; 225  
 His gold is his god : he must fear, that still craves ;  
 Give me freedom, ye heavens ! keep riches for slaves.

Sure *Tantalus*' fate, O *Lycurgus*, is thine,  
 Thou enjoyst not the ore, tho' thou dig'st in the mine.  
 Yet fate soon must part thee from all thy lov'd wealth. 230  
 (Snatch'd boldly by rapine, or pilfer'd by stealth.)  
 The sun that to night sets, to-morrow will rise,  
 Black vapours dispel, and illumine the skies.  
 Yet man, trembling man, when he yields up his breath,  
 No more can return from the regions of death. 235  
 In spite of chican'ry, thou shortly must tread,  
 The gloomy dread paths, where thy *M——d* led.

Kind nature in *P*— hath an active soul wrought,  
 Hath giv'n him persuasion, and power of thought ;  
 Inflexible, upright, and true to his trust, 240  
 To his king and his country he dares to be just.

Long

Line 232. *The sun that to night sets.*] Both thought and words are borrowed from *Catullus*, but much injur'd in the translation.

*Soles occidere, & redire possunt :*  
*Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,*  
*Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*—Epig. 5.

Dennis.

Long may'st thou, great orator, plead *Britain's* cause,  
 Revive her lost honour, and claim our applause !  
 When for ever thou sleep'st, on thy tomb be ingrav'd  
 " The rights *F*—attacked, here lies *P*— who has fav'd." 245

Of manners engaging, and virtue possess'd,  
 And each joy domestic, that renders man blest;  
 Why *L*— wilt thou toil in the dirt of a *C*—t,  
 And leave thy retreat, where the graces resort ?  
 Thy well-chosen friends, why again dost thou quit, 250  
 And for politics, change decent mirth, and true wit ?

E 2

My

Line 245.] Again, this author has been making free with other writers. *Pope*, in his imitation of *Horace*, has paid a compliment to his friend the Dean.

Let *Ireland* tell, how wit upheld her cause,  
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws ;  
 And leave on *Swift* this grateful verse ingrav'd,  
 " The rights a court attack'd, a poet fav'd."

Lines 250, 251.] This plagiary has again been robbing the same author. The lines

Thy well-chosen friends why again dost thou quit,  
 And for politics, change decent mirth and true wit ?

are manifestly imitations of

— Dextrous the fawning, craving croud to quit,  
 And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

*Epistle to the Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.*

Numberless other instances might be produced, but I have done with him. The man who perloins my thoughts, may as well pick my pocket ; though to the shame of the legislature be it spoken, there is no act of parliament yet in being, to inflict proper punishment on such an Offender.—*Dennis.*

*My country demands me, oppress'd with all harms,  
By factions at home, and by foreign alarms.*

Is that thy excuse? now thy prudence be shown,  
Protect thy dear country, guard well *G——e's* throne. 255  
With what joy, shall we hear, by thy virtue inspir'd,  
That *Britain* has conquer'd, and *France* has expir'd?

Hey day! what our blund'ring *Hibernian* scribe,  
Who wiser would seem than the rest of his tribe,  
E'er thou to an Office have any pretence, 260  
First know thy own meaning, and write common sence.  
Our thoughts to communicate, letters were giv'n;  
How can't thou to miss the kind blessing of heaven?

Yes, truly, 'twas prudent to call out to order,  
When once charg'd so home, by *N——e's R——r*, 265  
Old Friends are in danger; be old friends forgot,  
Is a rule never varied by time-serving \* \* \* \*.

The

Line 252.] The intelligent reader will easily perceive that the present worthy C—nc—r of the Ex—r is meant here.

Line 261.] The letters produced upon a late examination, will justify the author's censure of this *worthy*.

Line 262.] Arrah my dear! but this same poet is certainly a countryman of mine. He bids his *worthy*, know his own meaning, before he writes his letters, and then tells him, that letters were given us to communicate our thoughts. Now honey, if a man has no meaning, he certainly can have no thoughts. *Ub bub boo!* my countrymen are never remarked for their genus all the world over.—*Paddy M'D'Orson.*

The half-mule and half-man, muse, we must not neglect,  
 For no services done, he much gain does expect.  
 Fool, \*\*\*\*\* coward, if fate does not alter, 270  
 Thou'll here be rewarded with gibbet and halter.

From *H—gl—y*'s gay bowers, where *L—cy* has stray'd,  
 Where the graces have danc'd, and the muses have plaid,  
 Where beauty and innocence sweeten'd each scene,  
 And nature delighted, appear'd ever green, 275  
 Where mirth, artless plenty and friendship were found,  
 And happiness shed her choice blessings around,

To

Line 272. *H—gl—y*.] A pleasant seat of the present *L—d L—n*  
 in *Worcestershire*.

Line 277.] Having lately seen a small poem, on Happiness, in Manu-  
 script, I procured a copy of it from a friend, which the reader, per-  
 haps, will not be displeased to see here.

O happiness! where's thy resort?  
 Amid the splendor of a court?  
 Or do'st thou more delight to dwell  
 With holy hermit in his cell?  
 In search of truth, or do'st thou rove  
 Thro' *Plato*'s academic grove?  
 Or else with *Epicurus* gay,  
 Laugh at the farces mortals play?  
 Or with the graces, dost thou lead  
 The sportive dance, along the mead?  
 Or in *Bellona*'s bloody car,  
 Drive furious thro' the ranks of war?  
 No more I'll search, no more I'll mind thee,  
 Fair fugitive! I cannot find thee.

M. Scrib

To court, tuneful *L-n*, do'st thou repair?  
 And change balmy zephyrs, for stinking town air?  
 Alas, thy lost *L-cy* kind bards must bemoan, 280  
 Sigh back thy deep sighs, and re-echo each groan:  
 While thy angel remain'd, the gay minutes did move,  
 Richly-fraught with content, smiling peace and fond love.  
 Thy angel ascended, a desart appears  
 Where *H-gl-y* once rose, a drear vally of tears. 285  
 With strains not so moving, did *Petrarch* adorn  
 His darling's, his *Laura*'s, his mistress's urn.  
 Nor *Orpheus* a tale more distressful could tell,  
 When he mov'd by his art the grim power of Hell.  
 Gentle nymphs, yet unborn, thy complaint shall rehearse, 290  
 And *L-cy* for ever survive in thy verse.

Ah stay thy rash hand—Let thy lyre unstrung,  
 Not yet in the temple of Virtue be hung.

Each

Line 286. *With strains not so moving.*] See an excellent monody, to the memory of a lady, in *Dodsley's* collection of poems, which to a reader of any taste, will give the highest satisfaction.

Line 292, 293.] *Horace* had long been a slave to the foolishest of all passions, (the ladies must excuse this expression, it is Mr. *Sanadon's*, not mine) and resolved to break its chains. As it was customary for the ancients to consecrate their arms to *Mars*, when they quitted the trade of war, so the poet dedicates to *Venus* his lyre, torches and bows.

*Nunc arma, defunctumque bello  
 Barbiton, hic paries habebit.*

Our

Each muse again courts thee, with soft-foothing prayer,  
Give places to slaves—to *Parnassus* repair.

Hail *C—rf—d* ! hail ! on whose reverend head  
His garland of snow, father *Chronos* has shed.  
Great patron of science, the noble defence  
Of *Britain*, of virtue, of learning, and sense,  
Tho' now, half immortal on life's verge you stand,      300  
And the chariot of fire, attends your command,  
At the last close of all, to your country be kind,  
And mounting to Heav'n, leave your mantle behind.

What's life when enjoyment is gone ? a dull feast,  
From which, fated, rises each languishing guest.      305  
Who'd wish for long life, when all evils await  
On helpless old age, that most mis'able state ?

Our author made use of the thought, but with this difference, his *worthy* intends to hang up his lyre in the temple of *Virtue* (rather than in that of *Venus*) to whose cause, it had always been subservient. *Scal.*

Line 298] The character of this truly amiable nobleman is too well known to be expatiated upon here. He is an honour to his family, the *Belles Lettres*, and his country.

Line 307.] In life's last scenes, what prodigies surprize ?  
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wife.  
From *Marlbro*'s eyes, see streams of dotage flow,  
And *Swift* expire a driv'ler and a show.

Johnson's imitation of Juvenal.

The wisest of monarchs, three hundred years past,  
 Call'd out for kind death to relieve him at last.  
 When he saw his brave son on the funeral pyre, 310  
 His manly beard burning, surrounded by fire,  
 Tell, tell me my friends—O say, what was the crime,  
 That curs'd my old age to see this dreadful time?

O uncle, most humane! thou art not forgot,  
 Still in memory lives thy *American* plot, 315  
 Tho' thy wealth may protect thee from punishment *here*,  
 Yet the cries of robb'd orphans just Heav'n will hear.  
 A time there will come, at the dread judgment seat,  
 All the crimes of thy life, when thyself must repeat.

In

Line 308. *The wisest of monarchs.*] *Nestor*, who according to *Homer*,  
 lived three hundred years.

Line 310. *His brave son.*] *Antilochus*.

Line 313.] *Rex Pylius*—

*Exemplum vitæ fuit à cornice secundæ :*  
*Quique novum toties mustum bibt : oro, parumpér*  
*Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur*  
*Fatorum, & nimio de stamine, cum videt acris*  
*Antilochi barbam ardentem : Nam quærit ab omni,*  
*Quisquis adest, socio, cur hæc in tempora duret :*  
*Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo.* Juv. Sat. x.

Line 317.] It must certainly be a great satisfaction to a worthy man,  
 who has been basely injured in this world, and is without hopes of  
 redress, to reflect that justice will at length be done him by a most impar-  
 tial judge in a court where

There

In vain wouldest thou 'scape from that all searching eye 320  
 Which the secrets of mortals at once can descry.  
 Then repent ere too late—reinstate the wrong'd heir,  
 And make peace with Heaven, by fasting and prayer.

A government! take it. But if thou succeed,  
 And please honest \*\*\*\*\* 'tis a wonder indeed. 325

F

Much

There is no shuffling; there, the action lies  
 In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence.—

Hamlet.

Whether Shakespear has borrowed, or not from Virgil, let more sagacious critics decide. Certain it is, they both are of the same opinion;

*Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna :  
 Castigatque, auditque doles. Subigitque fateri  
 Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,  
 Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.*

Æn. lib. vi.

As the ladies are not obliged to understand dead languages, and their beau admirers are not always able to explain them, I shall oblige my gentle readers, (and I hope for many of both sexes) with the translation, or rather indeed, paraphrase of the foregoing lines, as Dryden has given it.

—Aweful Rhadamanthus rules the state:  
 He hears and judges each committed crime,  
 Enquires into the manner, place and time:  
 The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,  
 Loth to confess, unable to conceal,  
 From the first moments of his vital breath,  
 To his last hour of unrepenting death.

Line 324.] A governor incapable of executing his office, puts one in mind of honest *Sancho Panca*, in the island of *Barataria*. *Sancho* however, has this advantage, his decisions were always humourous, and tolerably equitable.

Much better abroad, for at home there's no place,  
 In times full of danger, that's fit for your g—ce,  
 But yet of extremities, prithee, beware,  
 Tho' *B—le* is a turncoat, yet still there's *K—ld—e*,  
 No offers can win him, in him there no trust is, 330  
 He's no friend to a c—t, who loves freedom and justice.  
 If your scheemes he opposes, retire apace,  
 Lest worse you come off than at *L—bf—d*'s fam'd race.

To push things too far, will but raise a damn'd riot,  
 Return home, rack tenants and sit down in quiet ; 335  
 Contented your grandeur, and wealth has been shown,  
 And your talent for government fully made known,

Horse-racer, cock-fighter, goose-driver and p—r,  
 (Or what other title, thou pleaseft to hear,)  
 To leave thee unsung, would be reckon'd a shame, 340  
 While each groom, in each stable, thy feats does proclaim.  
 Your betting, and riding *N—wm—t* can tell,  
 And *A—r* affirms that you throw a die well.

In

Line 338.] Posterity will scarce believe, that the nobility and gentry of this century, not contented with the usual diversions, laid considerable sums, whether geese or turkies could run fastest. However what I have related is fact.

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( 27 )

In arts bless'd as these, to improve for the future,  
All our young *British worthies*, may you be their tutor ! 345

The craving old *Hunks*, who to add to his heap,  
Denied himself food, nor allow'd himself sleep,  
Possess'd of three plumbs, yet still pining for four,  
Now sickens, now dies and is wretched no more.

My father, how does he ? can scarce breath or stir. 350

Do you think he'll recover ? impossible, sir.

How long can he live ? but an hour or two.

Put him out of his pain then, my dear doctor, do.  
Man is born but to die—We must all yeild to fate—

Tho' my father is damn'd, I have got his estate.

355

Good doctor, to-morrow your care I'll requite,  
For a fine *bona roba* I sup with to night.

Is this, th' omnipotence mighty of gold ?  
Is this all the meed, for our happiness sold ?

O *L—r*, much better hadst thou fed the poor, 360  
And reliev'd the afflicted from out of thy store,

Then

Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excell,  
*Newmarket's* glory rose, as *Britain's* fell,

And to speak the truth, *one* has been rising, and the *other* sinking ever  
since.—*Scrib.*

Then over thy bier, had each grateful eye wept,  
 And peace bleſſ'd the tomb, where thy ashes had slept.  
 Now, thy riches obtain'd with such trouble and care,  
 Are lavishly squander'd away by thy heir, 365  
 By him are employ'd in the service of vice,  
 For whores, masquerades, horſes, fidlers and dice.

What, muse, art thou gone ? am I left in the lurch ?  
 With our *worthies*, not mention the sons of the church ?  
 'Tis true *Butler*, *Benson*, and *Berkeley* are dead, 370  
 And well-natur'd *Herring* to Heav'n is fled :  
 Yet *S—ck—r*, and *S—rl—ck* on earth still remain,  
 And worthy old *H—l—s* is religious and plain,  
 O thou, whose philanthropy ne'er was confin'd,  
 But beams like the sun upon all human-kind, 375  
 Forgive the low muse, fond thy virtues to praise,  
 That a poor wreath of ivy, would add to thy bays !

What a few have we fung, and yet thousands remain,  
 But hark ! the muse answers, " I'm not in the vein."

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Line 370.] *Butler*, *Benson*, *Berkeley*, three prelates eminent for their exemplary lives, charity and hospitality. It is needless to mention the late arch-bishop of *Canterbury*. For a complete character of the reverend doctor *Hales*, see the *Temple of Virtue*, a Dream, by Mr. *Fordyce*.

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" Write as fast as we will, still new *worthies* arise,

" The task is eternal—desist and be wise."

Here our strains then we'll close, here our labour shall cease,  
And thou and the poet shall both sleep in peace.

**F I N I S.**



( ४८ )

“ अनुसन्धान वेणु ही नीव एवं शैल के बाहर  
“ अनुसन्धान वेणु ही नीव एवं शैल के बाहर

३ ८ ५ १ ४



